

even dreamed of the possibility of a fall; and this first lesson was naturally calculated to rouse his indignation in the utmost degree. Foaming with rage, he rose and drew his sword, and had I not proved myself a better runner than a leaper, I have no doubt but he would soon have made an end of me. He pursued me as far as the ditch, which I speedily cleared, and, fortunately for me, he did not think fit to follow my example. I proceeded straight to Paris, and so great was my alarm, that I scarcely ventured to look behind me until I reached the gates of the Tuileries. I immediately ascended to Madame Bonaparte's apartments, for the persons of the household were accustomed to admit me at all times. On seeing my agitation, Josephine at first concluded that I was the bearer of some fatal news. I related my adventure, which, in spite of my distress, appeared to her so irresistibly comic, that she burst into a fit of laughter. When her merriment had somewhat subsided, she promised, with her natural kindness of heart, to intercede with the Consul in my behalf. But knowing her husband's irascible temper, she advised me to keep out of the way until she should have an opportunity of appeasing him, which to her was no very difficult task, for at that time Napoleon loved her most tenderly. Indeed, her angelic disposition always gave her a powerful ascendancy over him, and she was frequently the means of averting those acts of violence, to which his ungovernable temper would otherwise have driven him.

"On my return home, I found lying on my table an order not to appear again at the Tuileries; and it was during my temporary retirement, that I finished the portrait you were just now looking at. Madame Bonaparte, on presenting it to the Consul, obtained my pardon and my recall to Court. The first time Bonaparte saw me after this affair, was in Josephine's apartment, and, stepping up to me good-naturedly, he patted me on the cheek, saying,—Really, sir, if people will play tricks, they ought at least to do them cleverly.'—*Mon Dieu!*" said Josephine, laughing, "if you had seen his look of terror, when he first presented himself to me, you would have thought him sufficiently punished for his intended feat of agility.'"

Isabey related this anecdote with all his peculiar animation and drollery; and he accompanied the story with such expressive gestures and attitudes, that he seemed to bring the whole scene visibly before me. I could imagine I saw Napoleon prostrate on the ground, and then rising to vent his rage, like angry Jupiter hurling his thunderbolts.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON AND ISABEY THE PAINTER.

From the MS. Journal of a distinguished Foreigner.

I called one morning on Isabey, to see his fine collection of portraits, which have now, in a great measure, become historical. I found him in his *atelier*, working upon that splendid picture which is destined to connect the name of the artist with most of the distinguished characters of his day.* In a moment I found myself surrounded by the almost living likenesses of all the celebrated men and beautiful women, at that time assembled in Vienna. I saw the portrait of young Napoleon, which Isabey was just finishing, when I first met him at Schönbrunn; also a likeness of the Prince de Ligne, animated by all the fine expression of the original, and a full-length of Napoleon himself, walking in the gardens of Malmaison. "Then he really had the habit of walking with his arms crossed in this manner!" said I.—

"Unquestionably," replied Isabey; "and that together with his other remarkable habit of stooping his head, at one time, well nigh proved very fatal to me. During the Consulate, I had been dining one day with some of Bonaparte's young aides-de-camp at Malmaison. After dinner we went out on the lawn fronting the Chateau, to play at leap-frog: you know that was a favorite college-game of ours. I had leaped over the heads of several of my companions, when a little further on, beneath an avenue of trees, I saw another, apparently waiting for me in the requisite position. Thinking I had not completed my task, I ran forward, but unfortunately missed my mark, springing only to the height of his neck, I knocked him down, and we both rolled along the ground to the distance of at least 10 yards. What was my horror on discovering that the victim of my unlucky blunder was no other than Bonaparte himself! At that period he had not

* This picture is now almost generally known through the medium of the engraving. It represents the Hall of the Congress, at the moment when the Duke of Wellington was introduced by Prince Metternich.